the ‘ open-air washing place/ the * beautiful women ' of Papeete, and all the rest of the stuff in the books. You might easily be disappointed; keep your dream. Only if you can see beauty beneath a mask of vulgarity, only if you can perceive a spirit, only if you are willing to strip yourself at a shrine, should you come. And in that event, you will linger in Papeete until you have raised her veil and seen the face of the Queen beneath and caught the message of her eyes, Then you will go out of the little town, the poor little * Paris of the South Seas/ and seek the country districts, understanding that there lingers something which is worth your search.

Hence the landfall which I shall rememtjer all my days was not my first but my second. We had been out in a hundred and fifty ton island schooner and as the day died, coming from the

north, picked
up the land. It tossed a bit out at sea,
and there
was scud of rain in the air. First, then,
one could
see the great peaks of Orohena and
Aorai, hung
with cloud, raking the sky. Then
above the
whistling of the wind one caught far off
the thunder
of the surf in a heavy trade and our
course was